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Battle Hymn

THOU God who guardeth o'er
the earth
And ruleth o'er the sea,
We freemen of a fearless land
Bend down our knee to Thee.
Grant us the might to face the foe
With valiant heart and then—
Give us the power to smite the blow
And fight the fight like men.

Let not the shriek of bursting shell,
The maddened cry of pain,
Distract our minds, appal our hearts,
Nor let us fight in vain.
Unconquered let our flag be borne
Against the foe and then—
Give us the power to smite the blow
And fight the fight like men.

Though torn and tattered be our flag,
Its stars and colors dim,
God spare the brightness of its fame.
And when the glorious hymn
Of victory swells above our foes,
Let us remember then—
Thou gav'st the power to smite the blow
And fight the fight like men.

A Litany

L O! the throat of the earth is dry
with the dust of the dead,
And the eyes of the world are
blind with the blood of the slain;
And we brag of our shame and the
blood of our brothers we shed,
Yet our strength, O Lord God, it is
vain, it is vain.

Our hearts have gone mad with the
rancorous venom of hate.

And our hands are dyed deep with
the malice and lust of our sin.

Spare us, O merciful Lord, nor leave us
alone to our fate.

Turn not, O God, thy wrath on our
madness and sin.

Lo! our strength is a reed in the wind,
a leaf in the storm,
Yet our tongues run riot in pitiless
words and wild boasts,
Forgetting, O God, that our might is
the might of the worm,
Be merciful, Lord, be merciful, Lord
God of Hosts.

Once more let the glad earth be filled
with the joy of its song.
Let the peace which surpasseth the
understanding of men
Uplift our sad hearts; Lord, forgive us
our guilt and our wrong,
Lord God of Hosts and of Men, Alle-
lulia, Amen.

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